# THE WHIGS Scandalous *Addreſs* ANSWERED

## Stanza by Stanza.

By one who thinks it an Honour to be called A

## HIGH-FLYER.

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*Fidite, forſan enim Graias pugnabit ad urbes*
*Dardanus, & verſis lugebit Græcia Fatis.*
Virg.

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# THE PREFACE.

AS *the pretended* Addreſs, *we have taken care to anſwer* Stanza *by* Stanza, *has made a very great noiſe in the World; ſo we could not but think it proper to do it in this manner, that thoſe who have been impoſed upon by it, may recover themſelves from the prejudice they are poſſeſſed of, and the World may diſtinguiſh* Honeſty *and* Loyalty *from* Diſcontent *and* Faction, *by taking a View of each in their reſpective Colours. Not that we have ſo mean an opinion of the Intereſt we adhere to as to make it ſtand in competition with theirs, but make uſe of their*

*their lamentable Mutinous Meetre, in order to diſplay the Satisfaction of our own, that acquieſces under the Mildneſs of an Adminiſtration which ſhews that* Righteouſneſs and Mercy have kiſſed each other. *Not unlike the moſt exquiſite Painters (pardon the Compariſon) that add to the Livelineſs of their Colours by the ſhades they ſet 'em off with. A Man of any Judgment might have thought* Faction Diſplay'd *would have ſilenced that Inveteracy of Temper that reigns amongſt our* Malecontents; *but while the Preſs is open, they leave us no room to imagine any ſuch thing can be compaſs'd. Never did* Parliament *more ſtudy the Good of the People they Repreſent than the* Preſent; *never was our* Engliſh Conſtitution *better ſupported than by* Them, *and never were Prince and People ſo reciprocally aſſiſted, as Her* Preſent Majeſty *and* We, *her* Faithful Commons, *have been by their*

*Wiſe*

*Wiſe Deliberations, and we ſhould be guilty of the Higheſt Ingratitude ſhould we not acknowledge the Benefactions we are indebted for. As for that Auguſt Aſſembly which the* Houſe of Peers *is compos'd of, with all deference be it ſpoken, it is not to be imagined that they value themſelves upon the Praiſes of a Perſon that ſhews no Value for Parliaments, in derogating from that Authority the* Houſe of Commons *is inveſted with: and tho it has been the Nation's Misfortune, that the two Houſes have not ſo concurred with one anothers Reſolutions, as to render the laſt a Seſſion without ſome Heats and Animoſities, yet they have aſſented to each others Propoſal ſo far, as to forward the Preparations for War, and made ſuch early Proviſions for the Good of the Confederates, as may diſappoint the united Powers of* France *and* Spain.

*To make an Excuse for our Versification, is altogether needless, since the Reader may furnish himself with Remarks enough upon that which it is written in opposition to, and we shall not add to the Perplexity the Reader may be under on our account, otherwise than to affirm that the Reason of this Publication is grounded on the most Loyal Dispositions and Wishes for the Welfare of our Present Establishment, and the Security of Queen and People from the Insolence of such Authors as our* Legionite *is,* who cries Peace when there is no Peace, *and would involve us in Civil Dissentions, in order to obstruct our well-concerted Designs against the Foreign and Domestick Disturbers of it.*

THE

# THE WHIGS Scandalous *Addreſs* ANSWERED Paragraph by Paragraph.

Addreſs.

*YE Men of Might and muckle Power,*
*Our Repreſenting K----s.*
*Who* High-Church *Zealots to reſtore,*
*And Toleration Acts devour,*
*Would make us all your Slaves.*

*Anſwer.*

Ye ſenſeleſs Mutineering Crew,
That with Rebellion ſide,
And have no other thing in view,
Than your old Methods to purſue,
And Rule with wonted Pride.

Addreſs.

*You lately told her Majeſty,*
*You would retrieve her Honour;*
*'Tis plain you meant it to deceive,*
*And you'l the Nation's Fault retrieve,*
*By bringing new ones on her.*

*Anſwer.*

Will you ſtill ſhew your diſcontent
Even when a Princeſs Reigns,
Whoſe moſt Auſpicuous Government,
Whoſe Rightful Title by Deſcent,
That Houſe you blame maintains?

Addreſs.

*If you would have us think you're true,*
*Let actions make it known?*

The

*The Nation's Happineſs purſue,*
*Her old Miſcarriages review,*
*But don't forget your own.*

*Anſwer.*

Read but their Votes, and 'twill appear
There need's not a Reply,
But that their Zeal and early Care,
Their Providence for Peace and War,
Give *Legion*'s Rhymes the Lye.

Addreſs.

*Tell us, ye Sons of Emptineſs,*
*Explain this Contradiction;*
*How can Contention bring forth Peace,*
*Or how a Nation have Succeſs,*
*Without the Law's protection?*

*Anſwer.*

Had they contended not, ye'd loſt
The very Rights ye make
So much a Noiſe of, which you boaſt
Such Streams of Blood and Treaſure coſt,
Since all things lay at Stake.

## Addreſs.

*You that in Lawyers ſo abound*
*And Men of Elocution ;*
*Your* M----h, VV----t, *and* N----y *ſend*
*See if they can your Works defend,*
*As well as Conſtitution,*

*Anſwer.*

Both Houſes Men of Learning claim,
And Sentiments profound ;
But theſe are undeſerving blame,
Lawyers of unſuſpected Fame,
And Probity Renown'd.

## Addreſs.

*You meet in Clubs and ſtrong Cabals ;*
*To Controvert Elections ;*
*But Party Intereſt there prevails,*
*Merit and Senſe of Honour fails,*
*And meets with no protection.*

## Anſwer.

Look back into a Reign juſt paſs'd,
And you Cabals will find,

That

That *Jehu* like drove and made haſte,
To lay thoſe Privileges waſte
Which theſe have not reſign'd.

Addreſs.

*With Houſe of Peers you're wond'rous Nice,*
*And of Reputation tender ;*
*But they ſee thro' the thin diſguiſe,*
*And where you're fooliſh, they're as wiſe,*
*And they're our true Defenders.*

*Anſwer.*

Peers have their Proper Rights 'tis true,
And Commoners have their,
But to give each Houſe what's its due,
The Repreſentatives of you
Your ſole Defenders are.

Addreſs.

*In Reaſon, Management, and Law,*
*They turn you round and round ;*
*No Age ſuch Bubbles ever ſaw,*
*The lines of Juſtice thwart you draw,*
*And all your Plots confound.*

*Anſwer.*

*Anſwer.*

All Nobles muſt be Wiſe of courſe,
Or elſe *Scan. Mag.* enſues,
But there are Tongues of equal force
With his that had the Mace and Purſe,
And dare that Tongue Accuſe.

Addreſs.

*With mighty Votes, and furious Bill,*
*You keep a wretched pother ;*
*But* M---- *manag'd it ſo ill,*
*The Cheat came out againſt your will,*
*And Sav'd Diſſenting Brother.*

*Anſwer.*

That Bill a Secret has diſplay'd,
That open's all our Eyes,
Homage before we blindly pay'd,
Thoſe B----ps whom we now upbraid,
Diſrob'd of their Diſguiſe.

Addreſs.

*The Blund'ring Orator Betray'd,*
*the* Snake of Perſecution ;

*The*

*The* Trojan Aſs *ſo loudly Bray'd,*
*It made the Nation all afraid,*
*In ſpight of Elocution.*

*Anſwer.*

*Mackworth* has done what Man could do
In Dame *Religion*'s Cauſe,
Could *H*-----*x* ſuch Reaſons ſhew,
Or *S*---*m*--*rs* learn to blunder ſo,
He 'd not pervert the Laws.

Addreſs.

*He told you Places were ingroſs'd,*
*In all the wiſer Nations,*
*By thoſe that worſhip God the moſt;*
*But we have found it to our coſt,*
*'T has here been out of faſhion.*

*Anſwer.*

What if God's Worſhip's out of Date
Within this ſinful Nation,
Is that a Reaſon Church and State
Should not reform, becauſe too late
For juſt Adminiſtration?

Addreſs.

*For Rogues get into Church and State,*
*And wiſe men Circumvent ;*
*Lewdneſs directs the Magiſtrate,*
*Knaves Rule* the Caſh, *and Fools* the Fleet,
*And* both *the P----t.*

*Anſwer.*

If bad Men in High Places are
They'r of your Factious Growth,
Conſider who is the *T----*
As for the *Fleet* take you no Care
You ſhall not manage both.

Addreſs.

*With Royal Faith her Majeſty*
*Had back'd the Toleration ;*
*And you, with* Engliſh *honeſty,*
*Wou'd have her Faith and Vows deny,*
*And ruin all the Nation,*

*Anſwer.*

*Occaſional Conformity*
Was what that *Bill* ſuppreſs'd ;

The

The Conſcience was at Liberty
And as before acknowledg'd free
To Act as it thought beſt.

Addreſs.

*No wonder you're aſham'd oo Print*
*The Votes of your Proceding,*
*The Nation ſoon knew what you meant;*
*And that there would be ſomething in't,*
That would not bear the reading.

*Anſwer.*

The way for Enemies to know
What Enemies are doing,
Is our Debates in Print, to ſhew
And Arm with Notices the Foe
To bring about our Ruin.

Addreſs.

*Of* VVilliam's *Grants you now complain,*
*Without regard to Merit,*
*For the lewd Gifts of former Reigns*
*To* VVhores *and* Papiſts, *you maintain,*
*And* Baſtards *may inherit.*

*Answer.*

King *James* his *Irish* whole Estate
Was not to a Bastard given,
Nor to a Wh---- but Mum for that,
It hits a certain Lady *Pat*
That makes the Tallies even.

Address.

*You Recognize wise* N----m,
*As one that did his Duty,*
*And there are other Rogues of Fame,*
*To whom you ought to do the same,*
*Because they are so true t' ye.*

*Answer.*

That *Nottingham* deserv'd their Praise
His Action's all attest;
Twenty such Rogues as He would raise
Our Fame beyond Queen *Bess's* Days,
And spread it *East* and *West.*

Address.

*But here the Mischief of it lyes,*
*You Character's a Scandal;*

*For*

*For* any Knaves *in Church diſguiſe,*
*And* any Fool *you like's as wiſe,*
*When we're to be Trapan'd all.*

Anſwer.

If Houſe of Commons Character
Is Scandalous and Baſe,
What's a ſquab P----- that makes a ſtir,
And Cocks, and does himſelf prefer,
Inveſted with that Grace?

Knaves 'tis well known, were not long ſince
Had in great Reputation,
And 'twas not held as an Offence
For Fools without a Grain of Senſe
To Steer the Helm o'th the Nation.

Addreſs.

*You are the Men that once Cry'd Down*
*The Treaty of Partition;*
*After the mighty things y'have done,*
*Pray have you not reduc'd the Crown*
*Into a worſe Condition?*

*We wou'd be glad you'd make it plain,*
*And fain we would believe it,*

*When better Terms you'll for us gain,*
*And how thoſe better Terms maintain,*
*That we might all perceive it.*

*Anſwer.*

If the Partition League has prov'd
The worſt of Evils to us,
And all the ſmiling Joys remov'd
Of Plenty and of Peace belov'd
Kind Heav'n began to ſhew us,

Then do we but too juſtly blame
And curſe the fatal Hour,
When Whig Adviſers to their ſhame,
Forgetful of the *Britiſh* Name,
Gave *Spain* to *France* his Power.

Addreſs.

*The very day you firſt began*
*Diſſenters to reform,*
*Heaven told you 'twou'd be all in vain,*
*And did its juſt diſlike explain,*
*In a prodigious Storm.*

*Anſwer.*

*Anſwer.*

That very Storm did rather riſe
And ſpread its Hideous Blaſt,
T' awake our Senates to be Wiſe,
And think on Judgments they deſpiſe,
Who out that Bill have Caſt.

Addreſs,

*But Heaven thoſe Men corrects in vain,*
*Who are for Judgments worſe ;*
*Who ſtill their Vices will retain,*
*Who firſt the Bleſſing dare diſdain,*
*And then deſpiſe the Curſe.*

*Anſwer.*

But what is Heavenly Wrath to ſuch
As ſeek for Earthly Pelf :
*Ario* ſtood by his Friends the *D----*
Nothing could *Sigill*'s Conſcience touch,
And *Clodio* by himſelf.

Addreſs.

*In all the Grand Faux-Pa's you make,*
*Cou'd you be curs'd alone,*

*Wou'd*

*Wou'd Heaven ſuch proper vengeance take,*
*We might not ſuffer for your ſake*
*You were welcome to go on.*

*Anſwer.*

Faction her ſnaky Locks may ſhake,
And Curſe what ſhe ſhould bleſs;
Patriots, continue for our ſake
The Nightly Daily pains you take,
Good Men your Work confeſs.

Addreſs.

*Then you might all your ſelves undo,*
*And for the time to come,*
*Make out this riddle to be true,*
*How you can foreign Wars purſue,*
*By raiſing Feuds at home,*

*Anſwer.*

Tyring your ſelves you ſeek to pleaſe
And bear the People's Load,
Studying Inteſtine Feuds t' appeaſe,
(Would others thus conſult our Eaſe)
And make us fear'd abroad.

Addreſs.

Addreſs.

*When you look back on* VVilliam's *Reign,*
*And his Miſtakes diſcloſe,*
*Of his bad Conduct you complain,*
*But if you'd view it o'er again,*
*'Twould all your own expoſe.*

*Anſwer.*

Not that the Muſe would rake within
The Aſhes of the Dead,
But had King *William* living been,
It ne'er would have been thought a Sin
To ſay he was miſled.

Addreſs.

*Your want of temper to the laſt,*
*Did his Deſigns Defeat,*
*Always too ſlow, or elſe too faſt,*
*Too Backward, or in too much haſte,*
*Too cold or elſe too hot,*

*Anſwer.*

Millions on Millions were laid out
And Funds ſucceeded Funds,

*Jack*

*Jack French*-man to ſubdue and rout,
But how the Matter came about
*Monſieur* defy'd our Guns.

Addreſs.

*We wiſh you would look back upon*
*The modern things you boaſt,*
*The great Exploits your Fleets ha' done,*
*The Glory gain'd, the Conqueſt won,*
*And how much all has coſt.*

*Anſwer.*

Let *Vigo* as a Witneſs ſtand
Of *Anna*'s Glorious Reign,
Where we ſubdu'd united Bands,
When *Ormond* Conquer'd on the Land,
And *Rook* upon the Main.

Addreſs.

*With wonted Courage and Succeſs*
Sir R---k *invaded* Spain,
*His wonted Conduct we confeſs,*
*And all Men own the Happineſs,*
*That he's come home again.*

*Anſwer.*

*Anſwer.*

Why *Cales* Deſcent to nothing came,
After ſuch vaſt Expence?
Ask thoſe who firſt contriv'd the Scheme,
And Hammer'd out a Thought ſo lame,
And foreign to good Senſe.

Addreſs.

*The Lords have now thrown out your Bill,*
*Which moves your indignation;*
*But you betray your want of Skill,*
*And manage your Revenge ſo ill,*
*You're the jeſt of all the Nation.*

*Anſwer.*

Never was Bill of greater uſe
Than that which out they threw
It hinder'd National Abuſe,
And Managements vain and profuſe,
Which now eſcape your View.

Addreſs.

*Your Anceſtors, with one conſent,*
*Complain'd of Lawleſs Power;*

*Made Laws our Bondage to prevent,*
*And you of thoſe good Deeds repent,*
*And all thoſe Laws devour,*

*Anſwer.*

Their Anceſtors did nothing more
Than theſe good Men have done,
VVith Shipping they defend our Shore,
VVith Armies they will Peace reſtore,
And finiſh VVars begun.

Addreſs.

*You are the firſt that e're apply'd,*
*T'exalt the Encroaching Crown,*
*As if you did not knew* that pride,
*When mounted up, and ask'd to ride,*
*VVou'd pull Religion down.*

*Anſwer.*

Prerogatives if once made leſs
VVill dwindle in Nought,
And can a Queen whom ye profeſs
To love ſo much, e'en to Exceſs,
Have Arbitrary Thoughts.

Addreſs.

Addreſs.

*Your Strange Unparallell'd Addreſs*
*No leſs affronts the Queen,*
*Prompts her the lawful Power t' abuſe,*
*Tells her ſhe holds the Reins too looſe,*
*And knows not how to Reign.*

*Anſwer.*

If e're Addreſs ſhew'd Subjects Hearts
Upon a Prince reply'd,
This of the Commoners imparts
VVhat is not in the Power of Arts
To render miſapply'd.

Addreſs.

*Did ever* Houſe of K---- *but you*
*Like this betray the Nation,*
*Is this our Freedom to purſue,*
*Pray what's Prerogative to you,*
*In* repreſenting Station?

Anſwer.

If thoſe are Knaves that Good have done,
And Monarchy ſecure

VVhat Names do they deſerve, that own
No Right ſucceſſive to the Throne,
And Monarchs can't endure.

Addreſs.

*Your buſineſs is, as all Men know,*
*Our* Grievance to redreſs,
*Supply the Crown, Support it too,*
*But not to prompt*, the Lord knows who,
*The People to Oppreſs,*

*Anſwer.*

Our Grievances they have redreſs'd
And wholſome Laws have made,
Though ſome have their Diſtaſte expreſs'd
By flinging out the very beſt,
And God's own Cauſe betray'd.

Addreſs.

*In former Times, when Tyrants Reign'd,*
*Your Treatments were too rough,*
*But if you'd have your Senſe Explain'd,*
*You give the Queen to underſtand,*
*She's not Severe enough.*

*Anſwer.*

*Answer.*

Rough as they were in former Times,
You'd have them Rougher be,
And add to our Forefathers Crimes
By blending with deteſted Rhimes,
Juſtice and Tyranny.

Addreſs.

*Is this the bleſſed way you take*
*Our Freedoms to defend,*
*To force the Queen her Vows to Break,*
*And all her ſoft Reſolves forſake,*
*And abs'lute Power extend?*

*Anſwer.*

Had *Charles* the Martyr took this Way
By granting no Conceſſion,
He ne'er had fall'n Rebellion's Prey,
Or been a Victime on that Day
That vilifies the Nation.

Addreſs.

*This Nation has had Kings enough,*
*That rul'd with Power Deſpotick,*

Who

*Who of Tyrannick Arts made proof,*
*And us'd the Nation much too rough,*
*By Means and Ways Exotic.*

*Anſwer.*

Kings we have had, and ſtill will have
In ſpight of Factious Spirits;
Tho' Heav'n has not thought fit to ſave
The Pledge which it to *Anna* gave,
Becauſe of our Demerits.

Addreſs.

*At theſe you always ſnarl'd, and ſhow'd*
*Your diſcontented Spirit,*
*And now you wou'd be underſtood,*
*Becauſe you have a Queen too good,*
*You know not how to bear it.*

*Anſwer.*

Ye are the Scoundrels that have rail'd
Againſt the *Stuarts* Race,
Have the Prerogative aſſail'd,
As ſtrength of Impudence prevail'd
Above the force of Grace.

Addreſs.

Addreſs.

*With humble Cant, and lowly Speech,*
*How you beſiege her Throne,*
*Tell her ſhe is too mild,* by Mich,
*That ſhe muſt whip the Nation's B---h,*
*And make her Power be known.*

*Anſwer.*

And if they do muſt humbly ſue
And Majeſty requeſt,
To give the Regal Throne its due,
And Guard it againſt ſuch as you,
Their Duties they've expreſs'd.

Addreſs.

*Have Patience, till by Management*
*You bring your King from* France ;]
*'Tis plain, the ſcope of your intent*
*Is there,* or elſe the Devil's in't,
*And you're all mad by chance.*

*Anſwer.*

Nor Kings from *France* do they expect,
Nor *French* Preſcriptions take,

And

And it is not by their neglect,
*Lewis* is not already check'd
And forc'd a Peace to make.

Addreſs.

*When your young Hero mounts the Throne,*
*You'll quickly have a proof,*
*He'll quickly make the difference known,*
*And take juſt care to have it ſhown,*
*He'll Tyrannize enough.*

*Anſwer.*

By the Succeſſion they have ſtood
As it is fix'd by Laws,
And are reſolv'd to make it good,
Fearleſs of loſing Life or Blood
In Dame *Britannia*'s Cauſe.

Addreſs.

*What pity 'tis you ſhou'd be Fool'd,*
*And bauk'd in your Petition,*
*They who with Scorpions will be rul'd,*
*And they who will be ruin'd* ſhould,
*And moock'd in their ſubmiſſion,*

*Anſwer.*

*Anſwer.*

If their juſt Rights to Exerciſe,
Turns Scepters into Stings,
Thus they ſhould always Tyrannize,
If they Prerogative would prize,
And would be real Kings.

Addreſs.

*If e're Tyrannick Powers poſſeſs,*
*And Re-reduce the Nation,*
*They'l bear their date from this Adreſs,*
*And you'll too late your Crimes confeſs,*
*But merit no Compaſſion.*

*Anſwer.*

Th' Addreſs you ſpeak of was ſo juſt,
Made to ſo good a Queen,
It Pamper'd not Tyrannick Luſt,
But with her own the Queen did truſt,
That's all that it did mean.

Addreſs.

*Now you fall foul upon the Preſs,*
*And talk of Regulation ;*

*When you our Libelling ſuppreſs,*
*Pray Drop your Votes among the reſt,*
*For they Lampoon the Nation.*

Anſwer.

The Preſs of late Seditious made,
By Factious Pens maintain'd,
Was juſtly for a Grievance laid
Before the Members you upbraid,
And ſhould have been reſtrain'd.

Addreſs.

*You are the* Monkeys *of the State,*
*And* Ape *our true Defenders,*
*Heaven Guard us from the haſty Fate,*
*Which wiſe men look for from the Cheat,*
*Of all ſuch vile Pretenders,*

*Anſwer.*

Ape whom they will, you'll never find
They'll Ape ſuch Knaves as you;
They our Defenders are deſign'd,
And Gratitude our Souls does bind,
To thank 'em for what they do.

Addreſs.

*You are the Nation's True Lampoon,*
In Banter be it ſpoken,
*If you wou'd ſave us,* 'Tis too Soon,
*And* 'tis too late to *be undone,*
*Becauſe our Eyes are open,*

*Anſwer.*

Long ſince, but for their Care and Zeal,
Their well advis'd Debates,
We'd dwindled to a Common Weal,
And ſhould five Hundred Tyrants feel,
Which Lawleſs Power creates.

Addreſs.

*And now you ſtand in Peers Records,*
Uſurpers *of the Nation,*
*No men regard your forfeit words,*
*The Nation's Eyes are on* the Lords,
*And there's our Expectation.*

*Anſwer.*

Where'er their Actions are ſet down,
'Tis Monumental Praiſe,

To ſtand up to ſupport the Crown,
And will acquire their Votes Renown
In all ſucceeding Days.

Addreſs.

*Your* G---s, VV---s, R---s *ſhall there*
*Their due Deſerts Encounter,*
*And in due time* Vile R---r
*And* N---m *may both appear*
*To give a Black account there.*

*Anſwer.*

Grant they may have their due Deſerts,
Then all theſe Peers will be
Poſſeſs'd of all our Votes and Hearts,
The Love that Loyalty imparts,
And form the Miniſtry.

Addreſs.

*Aſſure your ſelves, the Nation will*
*The Houſe of Lords defend,*
*You've loſt your Intereſt and your Skill,*
*And never will regain it, 'till*
*Your Manners come to mend.*

*Anſwer.*

*Answer:*

Nor will we fear to lose our Lives
Upon a fit Occasion,
To stand b' our Queen's Prerogatives,
And Loyal Representatives,
Who thus adorn the Nation.

Address.

*That you betray the People's Trust.*
*The Nation knows 'tis true,*
*Are Arbitrary and Unjust,*
*And if we will be sav'd, we must*
*Find* other men than You,

*Answer.*

Can they betray us that assert
Our Rights and Liberties?
Or can they wrong us that take part
With us against a Factious Art,
The Land would disfranchise?

Address.

*And now you Cavil with the Lords.*
*Because they first reprov'd you;*

Your

*Your Manners juſt remarks affords*
*But moſt of all your Decent Words,*
*Have R---s and S---s prov'd you.*

*Anſwer.*

Cavil they know not, but if Senſe
And Strength of Nervous thought,
Can well be ſaid to give Offence,
They their ill manners date from thence,
And own they are in fault.

Addreſs.

*Go home, for ſhame* ; But firſt the Queen
*Addreſs* for Diſſolution,
*No more in that high Houſe be ſeen,*
*Where ſuch a Scandal you have been.*
*To the* Engliſh *Conſtitution.*

*Anſwer.*

No, they ſhall up again be ſent
That have our Champions been,
And the good People repreſent ;
Since none but ſuch a Parliament,
Is worthy ſuch a Queen.

*F I N I S.*